

believe that these creatures are really responsible for their actions, but they are clearly not fit to be left at large. It is a thousand pities that the police have been as yet unable to secure them, as the Protestants of Toronto would be more than delighted to see them put out of harm's way for a good while.

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**T**HE *World* is a very smart paper—just a trifle too smart sometimes. The other day it quoted a paragraph from an American journal something to this effect:

"William Lloyd Garrison says if a radical change is not made in the system of taxation the American Republic is doomed. William Lloyd is dead right!"

Upon this the *World* cleverly comments:

"Yes, William is dead right: has been dead, in fact, several years."

It is hardly creditable to a journal which presumes to lead public opinion to thus proclaim itself ignorant of the existence of William Lloyd Garrison—the worthy son of the great Abolitionist, and one of the ablest men of the United States to day. We hope it may yet be the good fortune of the *World* man to listen to some of Mr. Garrison's free-trade speeches, which are calculated to enlighten the darkest intellects.

**AN EXPERIENCE.**

**I** ONCE was a Reformer,  
In the palmy days of Brown,  
I joined in the procession  
When Mackenzie came to town;  
I read the *Globe* on Sundays,  
And at noon spells in the mow,  
But I haven't, haven't, haven't,  
For a long time now.

I thought that all the Tories  
Must have surely lost their wits,  
And the only patriots going  
Were "We, Us & Co." the Grits.  
For they then had a policy,  
But, I really must allow,  
They haven't, haven't, haven't,  
For a long time now.

Then I became a Tory,  
When the N.P. loomed in sight,  
For times were dull, and John A.  
Said that would set them right.  
And it sounded all so pleasant,  
I believed him, but I vow,  
I haven't, haven't, haven't,  
For a long time now.

I was told that smoking chimneys  
Would arise in every town,  
The price of wheat would clamber up,  
And sugar would go down.  
I thought I'd soon be wealthy,  
And I whistled at the plow,  
But I haven't, haven't, haven't,  
For a long time now.

Now they've got another Party  
With a preacher at the head,  
Who seems to think the country  
Isn't altogether dead.  
And to run a moral Government  
They say they'll show us how,  
But \* \* \* \* \*

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[To be finished at the close of the first term of office of Premier Sutherland.]

**MATTERS WERE LOOKING UP.**

**B**UTCHER—"How is business to-day?"  
**N**EW GROCER—"Oh, it is improving some."  
**B**UTCHER—"Did you make any sales?"  
**N**EW GROCER—"No, but a woman stopped once to-day and looked in through the window."

**ABOUT THE STOVE.**

**C**OAL—"I'm going to drop in to see you one of these days."  
**F**IRE—"It is scarcely worth while. I am almost always out."

**A SUFFICIENT CAUSE.**

**H**USTY—"Something seems to be wrong with Jack lately. He acts as if he weren't all there."  
**D**USTY—"Neither he is. He was married a few days ago, and he leaves his better half at home."



**THE POLITIC PEELER.**

P. C. MACDONALD—"Arrest him? Nay; the Bobby of Wisdom leaveth not his beat. Mercier's the chap, ma'am, for Quebec street." 1882.

**A STRONG OBJECTION.**

**W**ARD HEELER—"Now, Mrs. O'Rourke, I trust you will do your best to make Mike vote for Cohen at the next election."  
**M**RS. O'ROURKE—"I lave me dure! Do yez think a dacent Oirishwoman would throi to git a vote fer a haythen Jew thot calls a pig an unclane animal?"

**A LOGICAL CONCLUSION.**

**H**OTFOOT—"Those oysters must have been very small when they were caught."  
**W**AITER—"I don't understand you, sir."  
**H**OTFOOT—"I mean they must have been very small when they were caught, because they are so small yet, though you have given them plenty of time to grow since I ordered them."